

"Mr & Mrs" Douglas Cruger request the favour of Mr  
Z. C.'s company to-dinner, tomorrow at 5 o'clock."

12. S. V. P.

Shall I go? My mind is not made up. I shall take  
time to consider. Where will Miss M. be, all this time?  
She will be indifferent to it all, in her new character  
of chaperone of Schwelkenberg. Saidee, I may waste  
her, at last. Do you know how? By a horse made of  
wood and stuffed with man.

Saidee, dear, put that book in your seraglio. I have  
an other copy, and shall be proud to have you accept  
him. I offered it at 50, but no - it was not in High  
Dutch, and she would not have it. Do you take it, my  
dear, and keep it for my sake. All the Dutch men  
living will not get it out of your nice little hands, I am  
certain.

I have a request to make. Ask Cousin Henry how he  
is getting on - if she appeal, pay, or what? Then, when he  
has told you, sit down and write me another little  
letter, so that I may know how things are going on.  
He will not write in a month, and I have as much  
curiosity as a girl. Not reading High Dutch you are  
my only channel of communication. I am quite  
serious in making this request.

When you see Aunt Nancy express my regrets. I  
shall take an early opportunity to address myself to  
her. She used to be an intimate acquaintance, and I was  
a great admirer of her, and a warm friend of the

Can in order. The great obstacle to intercourse is the great  
deafness. That has kept me away from her house these  
dozen years.

I wish to be remembered to your aunt (Doreen) and all  
your sisters. As I am banished from 55 we'll have a time  
around your tea - pot. The doctor gave me on the 12<sup>th</sup> 11<sup>th</sup>!  
He'll never go alone. Somebody told one of them High  
Dutch men that Napoleon was dead - "He dead!" You  
don't know him." was the answer. "He gone, you don't  
know him." Let him stay; I can find plenty of tea.

Scindee I am not only a scamp - I'm a cat. For  
eleven years have I staid at the globe. I have a love  
for places, just like a cat. I have seen the globe go  
down, down derry down, until it has fallen into the  
hands of my own waiter, yet I as out like to leave it.  
Cruzer must soon leave his house, where I have been  
so much at home this many a year, and then I  
shall not have a visiting friend below Franklin Street,  
No. 55, I am a cat - a cat and a scamp. Long after 55  
is deserted I shall be seen hovering around its venerable  
bricks, dooking for mice. Mrs Cruzer talks of her veneration  
for that building - it is contempt, compared  
to mine. I have some such feeling for the globe. I  
cannot quite do without mature reflection. Of one  
thing you may be assured, however - when the  
contract of the house descends as low as "Berts" I'll  
pull on my own boots, and walk out of it.

I am coming to town in cog. intending to see no one

for a fortnight. Then I shall go and see you, my first  
visit will be to you. After that we'll have a time!

Should you see Miss Lewis, give her my homage.  
I do not think her much my friend, but give her my  
homage. It is christian to love those that persecute  
you, and to pray for those that despisefully enjoin.  
Give her my homage, therefore.

Should you happen to see even in Carolina some pro-  
cent my profound respects to her. If you can see it in  
High Dutch so much the better.

I sent them some bars and Henry writes me word  
they are "nearly as good as Charleston whittings".  
A competent company so pronounced them. I sup-  
pose that "Lovers of a dwarf" was one of the party.  
She and the maggrave sitting in judgment on  
my poor, clean, little bars. Well, I must be a great  
descriptive writer, & a knowledge. Spun Tars, surely, as  
the maggrave be, have I ~~not~~ <sup>correctly</sup> described these  
bars, for they were iron, and they were clean, and  
they were little.

Talking of size, I am so thin you would n't see me  
me. No Dejeer butcher would buy me. Even the tall chanc-  
les would reject me - I might do for soap, for putting  
so much in, some might come off, but clearly I would  
never do for candles. I would n't beam. I intend to  
sell myself for an 'atony. Seven pounds, both, two  
inches in circumference, and altogether attenuated  
to in 2000 that works this change. Miss Lobo?

Saidce  
adieu, my dear child,  
I. J. Donmore Cooper

m-2  
125  
4

Hall, Coopers town, Jan. 10<sup>th</sup> 1850

Saidce, dear, many thanks. Cider should never be  
drunk out of silver. An earthen mug for cider, pewter  
for beer, and silver for punch. I shall take a mug  
with me when I go for the cider, which I trust I  
shall not drink quite up.

Jingle, jingle go the sleigh bells. Have you been to  
hear Mrs Hemble, if not wait and go with me. My old  
companion is look to me, and you shall see for  
you shall take her place. I'll drink your tea, and cider,  
be your beer, send you grapes - some grapes will they  
be to her - and take you all over town.

Saidce, dear, don't say "city". It is quite as bad as  
'town'. In 'town', out of 'town', leave 'town' in the pretty  
word, and city is corkney.

Your nice little letter reached my nice little hands  
in perfect safety. It came through all the snow, warm  
and friendly, and was very acceptable.

Yes we'll go and hear Mrs Hemble; you, and I, and  
Clara. If any body else wishes to go, let them wait  
until she reads in High Dutch. I will drink your  
bohea - I don't like High Dutch tea.

Shortly after I get to town - not to the city, dear - I  
expect to receive a note in these words -